NO COVER flip MAGAZINE

FREE

SEPTEMBER 1998

featuring JFC interview

L.A. Clubs
-Ritual
-Hotel california

Poor Man's Playboy

Channel

Movie reviews

featuring JFC interview

How To Be A Player?

O.C. / S.D. clubs
-Empire
-Shooter

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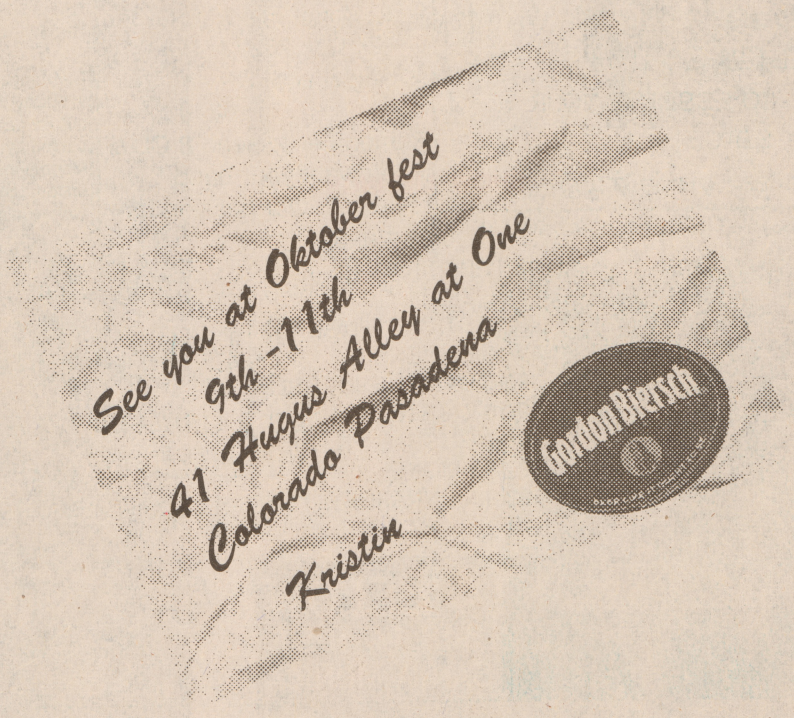

SOUND CHECK

Sound Check is a new section where you, the reader, can voice your opinion about what is going on in the world, or mindless thoughts in your head and/or list comments about No Cover. This is your chance to have your say about anything and everything that may be on your mind and let other people in Los Angeles, Orange County, and San Diego and around the world be your sounding board.

I would just like to start by thanking everyone who helped make the new and improved No Cover possible. Special thanks to my family, Taz @ Kowa, Duran and Sarah, Scott- Skratch Magazine, Dave and Mike @ Pinch Hit Records, Champa 51, Venus Pumping, Todd @ 14 Below, Jim @ Gordon Beirsch, Red Lobster, Y-107, Yayoi, James Steinfeldt, Ralph Guerilla, C.M. Marx, JC Supercar, Vegas Records, Harley, CJ & Scott-Small World Studios, Roger, Scott C., Jay, "M" Body (you know who you are!), Joe Cantor, and Ben Yale.

Correction: June Issue- King Brit article was written by Alexandria Greenburg. Our apologies.

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SEPTEMBER ASTROLOGY

HOROSCOPES BY GYPSY STARS tm

Sweet and modest, Virgos are kind to others--until the responsibility of duty becomes an overwhelming burden. Then, they get critical, cranky, bitchy and mean-spirited. Because they seek perfection, Virgos are picky about everything! Their organizational skills and knack for details, make them natural editors. Virgo's symbol, the maiden harvesting wheat, shows they're service-oriented caregivers. They're also virginal and extremely choosy about their partners. Fanatical in matters of physical conditioning and hygiene, Virgos can easily become health nuts or hypochondriacs. An obsession with neatness causes them to waste time on unnecessary activities. Virgo's ruler, Mercury (until Vulcan is discovered), makes them intellectual and analytical. They love to process data and communicate information to others. On the negative side, this trait manifests into gossip. Nervous, with delicate appetites, Virgos need solitude to recharge their fragile systems. Because of their ability to detach emotionally, they make excellent health technicians, but difficult lovers.

VIRGO
The Sun shines in your solar first house, conjoining Mercury and Venus after the 9th, and thrusting you uncomfortably into the hot spotlight. Chill in the adulation. You just might get discovered. It's time to get serious about your fantasies as Neptune and Saturn trine your Sun.

LIBRA
You are just too cute this month, spending stoopid money like it's paper rain falling from the sky. Cool out on trying to buy your thankless friends. Save your resources, instead, for that financial crunch coming when your ruler, Venus, enters Virgo on the 7th.

SCORPIO
It's not enough that you're experiencing difficulty communicating with your homies this month, but retrograde Saturn opposing your Sun brings misunderstandings all over your 'hood. Get ready to deal with whacked out attitudes from siblings and neighbors, alike.

SAGITTARIUS
Pluto continues his trip thru your sign, bringing unwanted transformation around home and family. Quit frontin' and get therapy for that inner child thang that keeps buggin'. While your ruler, Jupiter, is retrograde in Pisces, your emotions run like water and you gain weight.

CAPRICORN
A surprise love affair creeps up on you as retrograde Neptune in your sign brings back someone from the past. The Sun training your ruler, Saturn, makes it an opportune time to solidify creative ventures. Stop being so stingy!

AQUARIUS
Work issues have your normally non reactive mind seriously trippin' this month. With Venus and Mars opposite your Sun, you feel unloved. Saturn square to your sign and your ruler, Uranus, in retrograde only adds to your employment blues.

PISCES
A partnership from the past rears its ugly head as Jupiter retrograde, in your sign, forces you to repeat a lesson. Maybe this time you'll learn it. With you ruler retrograde in Capricorn, you're hard at work. After the 9th, when Venus and Mercury oppose your Sun, you're a real beeyuch (even if you're a boy).

ARIES
You're feeling pretty sexy these days, Battering Ram. Indeed, with your ruler, Mars, afire in the passionate sign of Leo, you need to chill. After the 25th, Mercury is opposite your Sun. Watch your big mouth.

TAURUS
A long distant trip is in the picture and, with Saturn retrograde in your sign, you'll connect with a person and place you already know. While your ruler, Venus squares Mercury, you'll find that just talkin' ain't cool no more. You crave a deeper connection.

GEMINI
Wait until the 9th, when your ruler, Mercury, enters Virgo to pursue a career matter. With Pluto opposite your Sun, you'll come face to face with some power-trippin' folks. All the same, your status is elevated as you sit in the boss' seat.

CANCER
You're partying with celebrities after the 24th, when the Sun enters Libra squaring your Sun. With Neptune retrograde in Capricorn, opposite your sign, don't be seduced into a relationship that's just using you for career gain.

LEO
You got issues, Lion. Big issues. Saturn retrograde squaring your Sun brings a past love back to you for spiritual clarification. Venus in your sign until the 7th, and Mercury accompanying her until the 9th, makes it a good time to write a love story, but give it a happy ending.

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THE POOR MAN'S PLAYBOY CHANNEL
"HARLEY's VIDEO PARTY"

By Roger Len Smith

Harley Fire runs a little public access show called "Harley's Video Party," a sort of Wayne's World crossed with an early Hugh Hefner mixed in with a tad of say, Ronnie James Dio or that mega media mogul, Howard Stern. Unlike Wayne and Garth, however, Harley isn't trying to peddle his own band's music or even his strange neuroses, he's simply trying to create his own media empire with the help of a few beautiful, mostly naked women, some up- and-coming bands and the occasional celebrity. Which is what, certainly, Harley hopes to be some day.

As it is, Harley--a onetime actor/bartender--is already becoming a mini- celebrity with his soft-core, but fully wild-time poor man's playboy channel {Channel 36 at 11:30pm, sometimes midnight, twice a week}. His show--taped at Bob's Classy Lady in where else, Van Nuys--is available on all the major Los Angeles cable systems (Media One, Century, LA Channel, etc.). He plans to expand to other large markets like New York, San Francisco and other cities. After all, sex sells, right?

"I wanted to be on TV," Harley states, "the show's sort of like Howard Stern, but more so."

With some recent, solid financial backing, he hopes to continue to upgrade the quality of his camera-work and editing with the aim of being picked up by, God forbid, one of those 'reputable' cable channels like, HBO or Showtime. Hell, HBO already has the popular 'Real Sex' series and with all the bad T&A movies on the air, something straight from the people, as it were, like "Harley's Video Party" could actually fit in and fly quite high.

And then there's that show from England that wants to air a fifteen-minute segment on Harley's creation for a documentary they're working on called, 'Sex In America.' The English have always been really curious about our fair country. "It's a great advertisement for me," says Harley. The docu is being produced by September Films.

"Harley's Video Party," which started a year and a half ago has "gotten really kind of nasty in the last six months," Harley gleefully snickers. "We have some of the top porn stars in the industry. Girls from Playboy and Penthouse. Some of them get really, really wild. I ask them all kinds of things: what's a good size penis, what turns them on, what celebrities they'd like to have sex with.

"My whole goal was to get it on the Playboy Channel, the Spice Channel, satellite TV, you know," he goes on, "I had submitted a tape to the Spice Channel a long time ago and they said it wasn't nasty enough. Now we have nudity, no penetration, but naked women touching each other and other stuff."

Like most 'talk' shows, Harley has musicians and comedians make appearances, as well, albeit with their clothes on. "It's women, only, there's no naked men," Harley says. Though most of the male entertainers are unknowns (for now), some of the bands that have appeared on the show include The Kottonmouth Kings and Rotton Rod & the Warheads. Harley's also broadening to cover various loopy swimsuit contests and "whatever's going on, really."

"There's no money in it yet, really," he explains, "90% of the women do it for free, for the exposure. I give them credit and everybody's happy."

And how far does Harley push the sexual envelope? "Like one out of ten of the women go nuts," he describes, "they rip their clothes off, and fondle themselves and then one out of ten won't even take their clothes off."

Just so no one gets the wrong idea, though, "it's all for fun," he assures, "it's an act, they know they're on camera. Some of the girls bring their boyfriends and when they're done, they give me a little kiss and say goodbye!"

A few celebrities, Harley claims, have even called and left messages, though Harley won't name them out of respect. I guess Charlie Sheen set a bad example, damn! But Harley does identify one, rather wholesome-seeming star who's contacted him, albeit for a purely professional reason. "Ron Howard's people called about using some of it for his new movie, 'Ed TV'."

Although the general population loves its porn, soft or hard-core, there's been the usual uptight response from the right, er wrong-wing. And, even one particular man who's starting to cause some seriously wacky waves. "There's a big thing with the mayor right now," reports Harley. "He's trying to get rid of us and the other local access programs with nudity, but he can't because it would be censorship. He's trying to cancel the whole channel, which means like ninety shows would be cancelled. I'd be willing to take mine off the air if that meant saving the others." How chivalrous of you, Harley, but I don't think your public would want that.

PROMOTER OF THE MONTH
Q BWOY PRODUCTIONS
by Yayoi Lena Winfrey

What a dichotomy to be a hustler who doesn't hustle in this land of hustling! While Hollywood, and its subsidiary cities, is famous for creating snarling, clawing rivalry among its talent, professional club promoter Q Bwoy don't play that stuff. With numerous nightclubs vying for customers, the competition among promoters can get pretty nasty. Yet, Q Bwoy (birth name Quie) is serious when he says he's in the business of promoting because he just loves "to see people being happy together".

Because of his passion for music, Q Bwoy always knew he wanted to get into the club scene. Attending house parties gave him the impetus to pursue that vision. In 1993, a friend in the biz, invited Q Bwoy to try his hand at promoting. After passing out flyers at several clubs, Q Bwoy decided he hated the meat market mentality of pretentious and preening patrons. Observing partygoers who were more interested in checking out each other's outfits than grooving to the jams put a damper on his dreams. After a month, Q Bwoy quit.

Not much later, Q Bwoy ran into Rusty, a homie promoting reggae under the banner "Irie Nation". Impressed with the hip-hop/reggae clubs Rusty represented, Q Bwoy found they reminded him of the house parties he once enjoyed.

Unfortunately, his first gig at Kelbo's on Sawtelle and Pico was not a success. Then, in 1994, Rusty got a Thursday night slot at Kingston 12 in Santa Monica. Calling their night "The Spot", the duo increased patronage from a crowd of about forty regulars to over 300. A year and half later, the two went their separate ways.

Ending up at Club Yes on Wednesday nights for "Channel 3", Q Bwoy was disappointed with the poor attendance. In1996, Kingston 12 asked him to return on Sunday nights, where, once again, he and Rusty managed to pull in a couple of hundred revelers for their "Jamaican Gold". A management dispute led Q Bwoy to the Martini Lounge where he continued to present "Jamaican Gold" on Sundays. In 1997, he started "212 Soul" on Saturday nights at Brodners (aka Casa Blanca Lounge), which was eventually closed by the fire marshall. Q Bwoy also managed a reggae group, Mongoose, who gigged Wednesday nights at Santa Monica's West End. After gathering a following of faithful fans, Q Bwoy was given Thursday nights, too. So that he can give local musicians a chance to display their skills, Q Bwoy showcases a different band each week. Two deejays, Keith E (playing hip hop, r and b and reggae) and the legendary Ron Miller (spinning roots culture and dancehall) are featured during breaks.

In addition to Thursdays at The West End, and Sundays at Dragonfly, Q Bwoy currently hosts "The Lion's Den" with Mad Lion and White Lightnin' at Tempest (formerly Club Checca) on Tuesdays and "Jimbrowski" on Wednesdays at Club Lingerie.

It's evident that Q Bwoy loves his job of getting the word out thru radio ads, newspapers, flyers and his team of foot soldiers. Unlike most promoters who go into this line of work for the money or the women (there are promoter groupies, you know), Q Bwoy simply wants to bring roots and culture reggae to folks who don't normally get exposed to this type of music. Reggae music, he says, is unity music. In his clubs, you see all shades, all colors, all religions, all races.

"If we're going to live together, we have to party together," Q Bwoy muses philosophically. "If we can't get along when we're out having fun, then how can we get along when we're stressed out?" He maintains that if only people would get to know each other individually and stop believing media hype, we'd all be better off.

Q Bwoy's selflessness is commendable. Shrugging off compliments, he credits the deejays for making the L.A. music scene what is. Here are his shout outs: White Lightin', DJ Special, Lucky C, Ron Miller, Cokni-O-Dire, Hier, Hip Hop Side, Mark Luv, Alywad, Keith E, Mind Frame, Kilu, Adam 12, The Beat Junkies, Shiite, and African Unity. For more information on Q Bwoy's lineup, call his hotline at 310-840-5561. And, oh, don't expect to be hustled.

Ritual at Atlas Club

By C.M. Marx

How about a little salsa on a Saturday night? Perhaps a little zest to spice up your social life? I recommend checking out Ritual, a hot new club serving up the hottest Latin/soul/salsa and afro-Cuban entertainment in town. This upscale yet friendly club located in the heart of Mid-Wilshire is ideal for young professionals seeking sizzling hot entertainment for the weekend.

Club Ritual features DJs Soul Cat and Sesqui, who spin the hottest rare grooves from this genre guaranteed to get anyone shakin' on the floor. Live bands also get the groove on with Latin/soul jams weekly. Recent performances by local talent have included jams by the "B-Side Players," "Double OI Soul," "Mambo Madness," and "Jonny Blas." There's never a dull moment with so much constant action at Ritual.

The layout of this club is also very conductive for relaxing and socializing. Different seating

areas let you relax, unwind and sip a fresh cocktail or chat. It's always nice to know that there's a place to rest between dancing and mingling.

The proprietors of Ritual concur that a new scene in LA 's emerging, dedicated to the Latin musical genres like mambo, salsa, afro-Cuban jazz etc. Indeed this must be the case, judging by the zealous, packed-to-capacity crowd. Ritual is onto some groundbreaking action and I'd say the scene is well underway.

HOTEL CALIFORNIA

Hotel California at ORSINI's of Beverly Hills

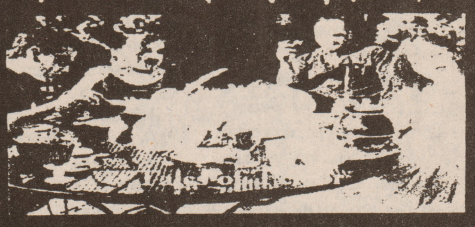
By C.M. Marx

Mirrors on the ceiling and pink champagne on ice. Welcome to Club Hotel California. Well, I can't guarantee mirrors on the ceiling at this Hotel California but I can guarantee mirrors on the walls and overflowing amounts of pink champagne served up from the bar at a snap-along with just about any other tasty cocktail you could possibly conjure. Club Hotel California every Friday night is located at the fabulous Orsini's of Beverly Hills where you can dance all night or dine downstairs at their exclusive five star restaurant. Just about everything you could possibly desire is at your fingertips Friday nights at Hotel California, just ask.

This event, promoted by Devon Jackson and Mac Africa is truly one of the most exciting places to be on a Friday night. Orsini's in itself is a plush upscale nightclub that provides ambiance galore as you enjoy everything Hotel California offers.

The dance floor is packed and DJs spin the latest hip/hop and trip/hop grooves from around the world. The excitement is overwhelming as stylish singles flirt about to the music. The patrons at this event are extremely attractive and hip and their dress is visually appealing. Other visuals include tantalizing go-go dancers all night long and stupendous all around ambiance. If you're into dancing, mingling, or people gazing, this is the place to be. And if you're feeling super festive, I recommend you try the Pink Champagne at the bar, I've heard it's out of this world and it looks great reflecting in the mirrors on the walls "so go check it out" at Club Hotel California.

PENIS FLYTRAP



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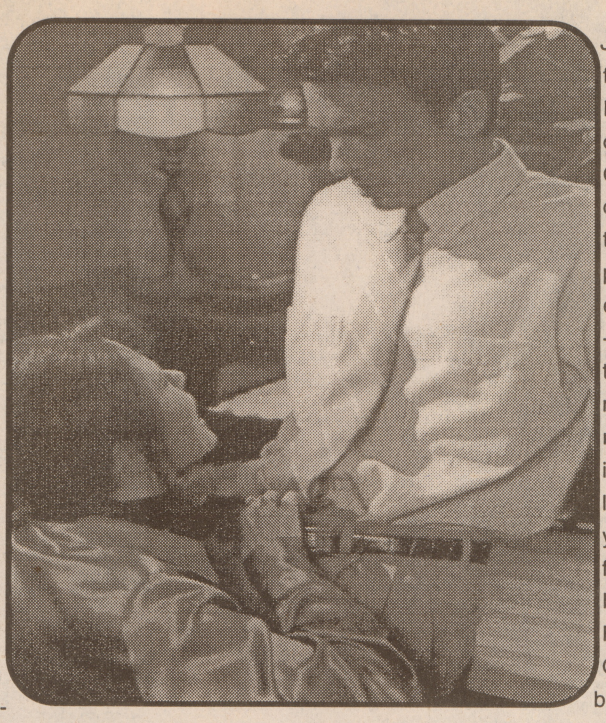
FILM FILM FILM

FILMMAKER OF THE MONTH: JORGE AMEER

"STRIPPERS"

by Yayoi Lena Winfrey

Pick a story. Any story. Up and coming filmmaker Jorge Ameer has them all. With over a half dozen scripts to his name, Jorge is someone to watch. A prolific observer of life, Jorge creates interesting tales from trivial facts. For instance, his latest work of art, "Strippers", is a story of people who strip others of financial belongings and emotional stability.



Written in just 25 hours on Christmas Eve 1997, "Strippers" tells the story of an advertising executive who loses his dream job, his girlfriend, his brother, and, eventually, his mind to the leeches known as strippers. Financed in March of 1998, film production began in April with many unforeseen disruptions.

Two different actors were employed when the first one threw tantrums on the set and had to be replaced. A scheduled ten-day shoot had to be extended five extra days due to delays. A producer stepped in as an actor, necessitating long shots that were matched up to closeups of the first actor. An investor bowed out a mere three days before the shooting began, causing the director of photography to split as well. During the shoot, location problems, upset neighbors and surprisingly cooperative West Hollywood cops cropped up. Currently in post production, "Strippers" should be ready in time for the next Sundance Film Festival in January 1999.

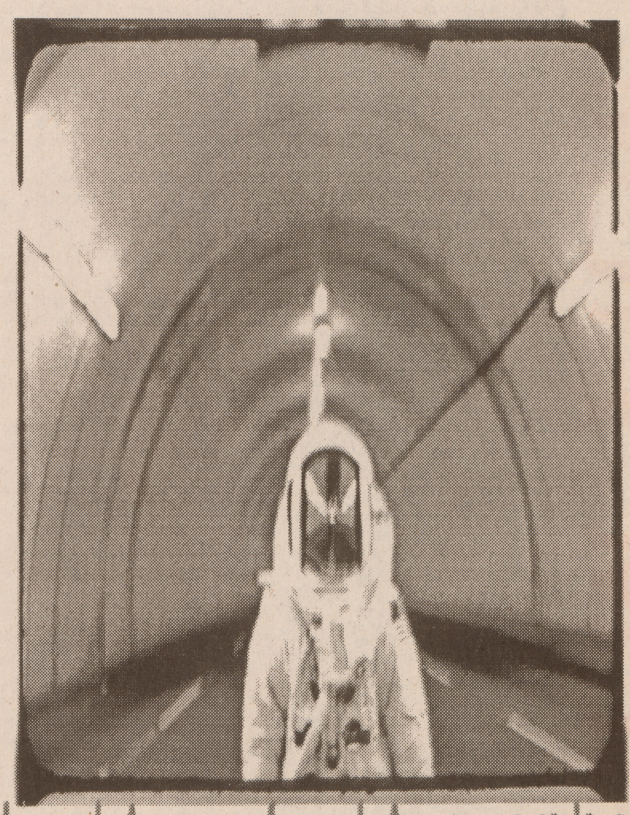
Born in Panama, Jorge attended high school in Texas. In college, he studied theater and directing, receiving his BFA in studio arts. During his first semester, Disney recruited him for a program at Orlando where he worked in studio entertainment.

A typical Capricorn, 26 year-old Jorge always knew what he wanted to do and has proceeded with an ambitious plan. His work includes developing a 30-second commercial; pulling duty as a marketing intern and intern of publicity at Paramount, New Line Cinema and Columbia Pictures; being a story analyst for Fries Entertainment, Wendy Finnerman Productions at Tri-Star and Richard Gere Productions; and, serving as session director at CBS, testing TV pilots.

Simultaneously pursuing an acting career, Jorge has appeared in such features as "Panthers" with Mario Van Peebles, "Tales From the Hood" and "Fridays".

Jorge has also directed the first American Independent Film Festival held overseas on an island. Renting Contadora Island off the coast of Panama, Jorge threw "the most expensive party I ever put on in my entire life" from October 5 - 10, 1997. There, the festival projectionist drank so much he passed out in his room causing the screening to be postponed until late in the afternoon. This year, Jorge is coordinator for the more sedate LA International Latino Film Festival with James Edward Olmos and Andy Garcia as board members.

So, go ahead. Pick a story. There'll be many more from this filmmaker of the future.



FILM FILM FILM

FILM REVIEWS "RETURN TO PARADISE" by Yayoi Lena Winfrey

This wannabe adventure flick should've been titled "Return to the Editing Room". The dialogue in the first few minutes was so muddled, I couldn't figure out who was who or what their conversation was about. This tale of three young men, venturing off to Malaysia where they kick back in hammocks, smoking dope and getting their pick of the local women because "we're Americans and we're tall", is an unbelievable story of friendship strained by the test of loyalty.

It's hard to dredge up much sympathy for these arrogant hedonists as they trample over laws sacred to other people. One of the main characters, Sheriff, played by Vince Vaughn, is so vainglorious he thinks he can chuck a native's bicycle off a cliff's edge and carelessly toss hashish into a backyard garbage can without suffering any consequences. What was he thinking? Didn't he see "Midnight Express"? Speaking of...director Joseph Ruben should've watched that picture before making this one. At least the former was suspenseful. Here, it's only about counting down time...literally.

As the story unfolds, we follow the two men who return stateside. Tony (David Conrad) goes back to his well-paying engineering job while Sheriff, a sort of high-end slacker, drives a limo. The third, Lewis (Joaquin Phoenix), a bleeding-heart environmentalist, decides to stay overseas to help prevent the extinction of orangutans...of course.

Life goes on until one day when Beth Eastern (Anne Heche) turns up, masquerading as an attorney, begging Tony and Sheriff back to Malaysia to rescue an imprisoned Lewis who's facing a hanging for his alleged crime of selling hashish. With only nine days to get them to cooperate, she plies the two with lavish dinners and free drinks. If one of the men goes back, he'll be thrown in the slammer for six years and Lewis is set free. If both go back, they'll share three years apiece and Lewis goes home. If none of the above, well...warm up that noose, Mr. Hangman. Meanwhile, the handwritten numbers superimposed on the screen ticking off the days left before "the big event" was a tacky distraction.

To encapsulate, this a film for math aficionados--adding and subtracting and adding, again. Three years? Six? First, one guy agrees to go back to Malaysia (six years), then he changes his mind; then, the other one says "yes" (three years); then, they both go (three years); then, they both run away (zero years); but then, one comes back (six years). Quick! What number am I on?

The single redeeming factor of this picture is Vince Vaughn's strong performance as Sheriff. A deeply-flawed anti-hero, nevertheless, Sheriff's egocentric antics are intriguing. Blessed with a perfectly nice father who gives him warm advice, Sheriff is an enigma. How did he come to be so shallow in the first place?

When Beth appeals to Sheriff's compassion, he turns his back on his friend wasting away in prison. Even when she shows him a videotape of a pathetically suffering Lewis, Sheriff shrugs it off. (A videotape permitted by the very authorities ready to kill their prisoner over mere ounces of a drug, yet.) Even as he acknowledges that it was his action of trashing the bike which lead authorities to the house where they discovered the drugs he discarded in the garbage can, Sheriff still accepts no responsibility for Lewis' dilemma. But when Beth uses the ages-old art of seduction, he finally comes around. Was the sex that good? Or, are we being asked to believe that Sheriff has fallen so madly in love with the mousy waif he would sacrifice six years of his life for a little nooky awaiting him once he got back home?

This film thinks it's smarter than its audience by twisting and turning the plot and having Tony act like a nice guy in the beginning, but copping out at the last minute when Beth's true identity is found out. At that point, Sheriff suddenly becomes our protagonist, further confusing our sensibilities.

A little more reality would've helped in accepting this story. In one scene, Beth prances around Tony's construction site without (horrors!) a hard hat. In another, Sheriff is all dressed up, alone in his apartment, when Beth makes a surprise visit.

Jada Pinkett-Smith, in a contrived performance as M.J. Major, plays an obnoxious reporter (is there any other kind?) hounding Beth to reveal her story. Publicity, she reasons, will shame the Malaysians into freeing Lewis. Beth stoically refuses, M.J. tells the story anyway, and the judge in Malaysia throws the book at Lewis in an intense last-minute reinterpretation of their complicated laws. What should have been a tragic moment turned to laughter as the ridiculous white wig on the Asian man's head bobbed and weaved comically while he gave his obligatory anti-American speech.

This mess of a movie has a lot of misguided potential that somehow falls flat. By the film's finish, I didn't believe that Sheriff would give up a single moment of his carefree life for love, especially to a woman so conniving she withheld the truth of her relationship to the victim until nearly the end.

"YOUR FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS" by Yayoi Lena Winfrey

In the uneven opening scene of this hilariously irreverent film, the lip sync was not. Further, everybody was bedding everybody while freely uttering the f-word in frame after frame. Here we go again, I thought, plot points inadequately covered up by steamy sex. But happily, I was wrong. This slick little story of relationships in the '90's actually got better and better--in spite of the numerous times "found under carnal knowledge" was spoken in the first act.

Brought to you by the makers of the highly acclaimed "In The Company of Men", this quirky tale is interestingly entertaining. As with "Company", writer/director Neil LaBute explores the deeper levels of modern day morals among yuppiefied urban dwellers.

Several unusual techniques are successfully employed by LaBute; such as, no exterior shots whatsoever, no conventional musical score and a focus on six main characters who never once say out loud each other's names: Mary, Barry, Terri, Cheri, Cary and Jerry.

The story goes like this: Jerry (Ben Stiller) is a neurotic professor who analyzes every waking moment of his life. His long-suffering girlfriend, Teri (Catherine Keener), an advertising copywriter, would like to have sex, for once, without being bombarded by a plethora of words. All that talking gets on her nerves. Sex should not be about sharing, she reasons, only about f*ing.

Sexually frustrated, the verbose Jerry makes a play for his best friend's wife, Mary (Amy Brenneman), while dining at their housewarming. Mary, a wishy-washy poetess, unhappy with her masturbating husband ("honestly, I'm the best lay I've ever had; I know how to please myself") responds by agreeing to meet Jerry for trusting. Meanwhile, Jerry continues to work out at the gym with his pal, Mary's hubby (Aaron Eckhart), along with their mutual buddy, the caustic, womanizing Cary (Jason Patric), all the while skillfully skirting the issue of who he's sexing on the side.

In the meantime, Terri whom Cary describes as the dykey woman with a "feminine issue" and of whom he complains to Barry is "the bitch" who "probably doesn't give" Jerry "half of our messages" picks up an artist's assistant, Cheri (Natassja Kinski) for a lesbian affair. Calling love a disease, Terri, is emotionally abusive to the vulnerable Cheri who adores her. In one comical supermarket scene, Cheri eagerly reads the copy on a product package. "This is great! Did you write it?" she asks the unsentimental Terri.

In a cute twist, interspersed throughout the film, the naive glamour girl Cheri has a scene with each each of the characters who visit her at the art gallery, independent of each other, and, unknowingly, engage in the exact same dialogue.

As Jerry and Mary grow more involved, Terri and Cheri become co-dependent. Cary continues to display his contempt for the fairer sex by parading them in and out of his apartment. In one of the movie's funniest scenes, he comments to an unseen partner while knocking on the bathroom door: "...if you use any towels or anything, can you put them to the side?" As for the wimpy Barry, absorbed by his own sexual dysfunction, he's stunned to learn that Jerry has been making love to his wife, Mary. Half-joking, Jerry's confession comes during a touching steam room scene where Cary, the smart-assed misogynist, tenderly reveals that his best sex ever was with a sixteen year-old boy. Continually stealing the movie, Cary gets the best lines. Note: Jason Patric, as Cary, is co-producer.

All in all, this film is a well-written commentary about the hazards of romance. Brutally honest in its assessment of expectations dashed by hopeless realities, the story draws us into an inescapable quest for intimacy without torment. In the end, when Jerry begs Mary for closure (she dumps him after he's convinced her husband to take her to the exact same hotel room where they've been fooling around) we, in turn, beg, too--but not for the end. We'd prefer the movie to go on.

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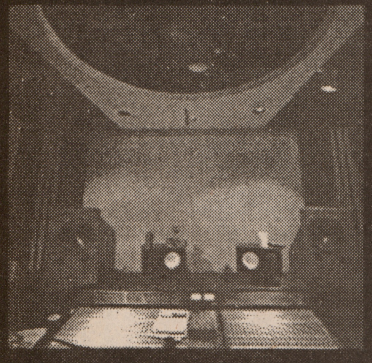

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no cover fashion

The No Cover fashion Police has found these three fashion offenders guilty for wearing the wrong styles of shoes. Their shoes are such fashion killers to any outfit we choose not to even show them in this photo for fear of copycat fashion criminals. However, we can show you what shoes to be wearing this fall to avoid your family and friends the humiliation these fashion convicts has surely caused their love ones.

Safe tips from officer McSole, the fashion conscious shoe cop:

1. You will definitely be hanging with the right crowd by choosing any of these Yosuke thick rubber

sole sneakers or platform shoes by Kowa. Look this fall for shoes with a thicker rubber sole utilizing conventional laces or mix it up a bit to fit the attitude of your outfit by venturing to a Velcro and/or buckle strap.

2. Don't be pigeon-holed by the old color rules. This year□ mix and match your clothes to your shoes. Remember boys and girls shoes first.

Just put one foot in front of the other and take each day step by step and you'll be following the right path of fashion.

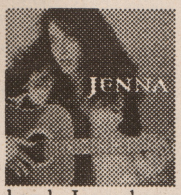
LISTEN UP!

THE NO COVER COMPACT DISC RATING:

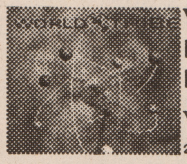
1	3	5	7	10
Give it up	Don't quit your day job	Keep Practicing	Worth checking out	. Add to your collection

Honey Bucket/ *"quite tasty"*/Burning Ground
Reviewed by Todd Shyres **Rating: 6**
Off the line Honey Bucket delivers a fat beat & funky lyrical shorts in the song "Am Gold." This songs got beats so retro brings its own disco ball. Gold really brings on the funk with styles ranging from run hip-hop to play that funky music white boy. Unfortunately, the rest of the album falls away from the funk and never lands anywhere solid...ranging from been there done that speed rock to slow and easy tribal jams. At times it almost turns into a Chili Peppers stage show. "Man Chowder" feeds us little of what we want with its groovy dealt beats but still keeps us thinking that the consistency just isn't there.

Jesus Chrysler Supercar/ *"selftitled"*
Token Records
Reviewed By Jason Shyres **Rating: 7**
Listening to this album, you get the feel you're listening to them live at some small venue; strong vocals while guitar's feedback overpowers the music. The coolest one minute tidbit from the album is "china mans delight". Though the title is not proper english or pc, it reminds me of something Pink Floyd would have done in the late seventies (important note: this band sounds nothing like Pink Floyd): while a synthesized flute is played, man in background screams out of torture like pain. Maybe JCS is attempting some psychological association — beautiful flute with dark pain. Also, "Bicycle" breaks from their other songs with some unique guitar work and more pop vocals. What I don't understand is why the best track is the last? "Thrown away" is quite good. The slower tempo allows some serious talent to emerge — much more emotion and surreality. Give these guys a second go when listening to the album. Quite different than the musical Jesus Christ Superstar but it's still interesting nonetheless. As Ministry sang, "Jesus built my hotrod. It was a love affair. Just Jesus and my hotrod."



Jenna/ *"Jenna"*/Weeping Buddha Music
Reviewed by Todd Shtryes **..Rating: 7**
A relaxing mist of flowin music opened by a sexy vocal rasp of a seductive woman, this is Jenna. As the music moves on we realize why she owns the name...she owns the band. Jenna has a warm felt voice that carries her above the instrumental surroundings. In "Hardest Thing" she lets go of the pace and pushes the vocal envelope wide open. The other stand out is Chris Allis who drums ahead on "Little Bit of My Love" by keeping the percussions rolling a steady beat. At the end of the album the sounds come together to deliver the goods. When the band forms a gestalt, as in the song "Reality Hurts" we see the full potential released and some good harmony arrive...in harmony.



World Tribe /*"Element"*
Pinch Hit Records **Rating: 8**
If you like brass induced experimental funk with cool tribal vocals, this may be the album for you. With good down home vocals and plenty of fine styles, it's got a Jamaican beat so rich you could sell off the notes. Songs like "Jamaica Jamaica" and "Five O" are well orchestrated with the enlightened drum elements and cool vocals. "Our World" flairs up with good clean singing and hot jumping beats. Overall, be prepared for an eclectic album pieced together with many moving styles and rhythms ranging from g-funk rap to steel jazz.

Penis Fly Trap
Tales of Terror
Bloody Dagger Really
Reviewed by Todd Shyres Rating: 5
Halloween music for the Marilyn Manson disabled or those looking for a alternative to the Buffy fan club. It gives dark, shallow stories told by kids yelling and instruments vying for airtime. For most of the album the tempo is a blood thirsty full throttle while Dinah Cancer et al. kind of yell ahead about stuff like, "Tears of Blood"and "the village of the damned." This album may work well in today's market with the scare scene in full hype mode (Scream, Halloween H2O, etc.) but rest assured, it is no X-Files soundtrack. All it takes is one look at the back cover of the CD to know what you are in for.

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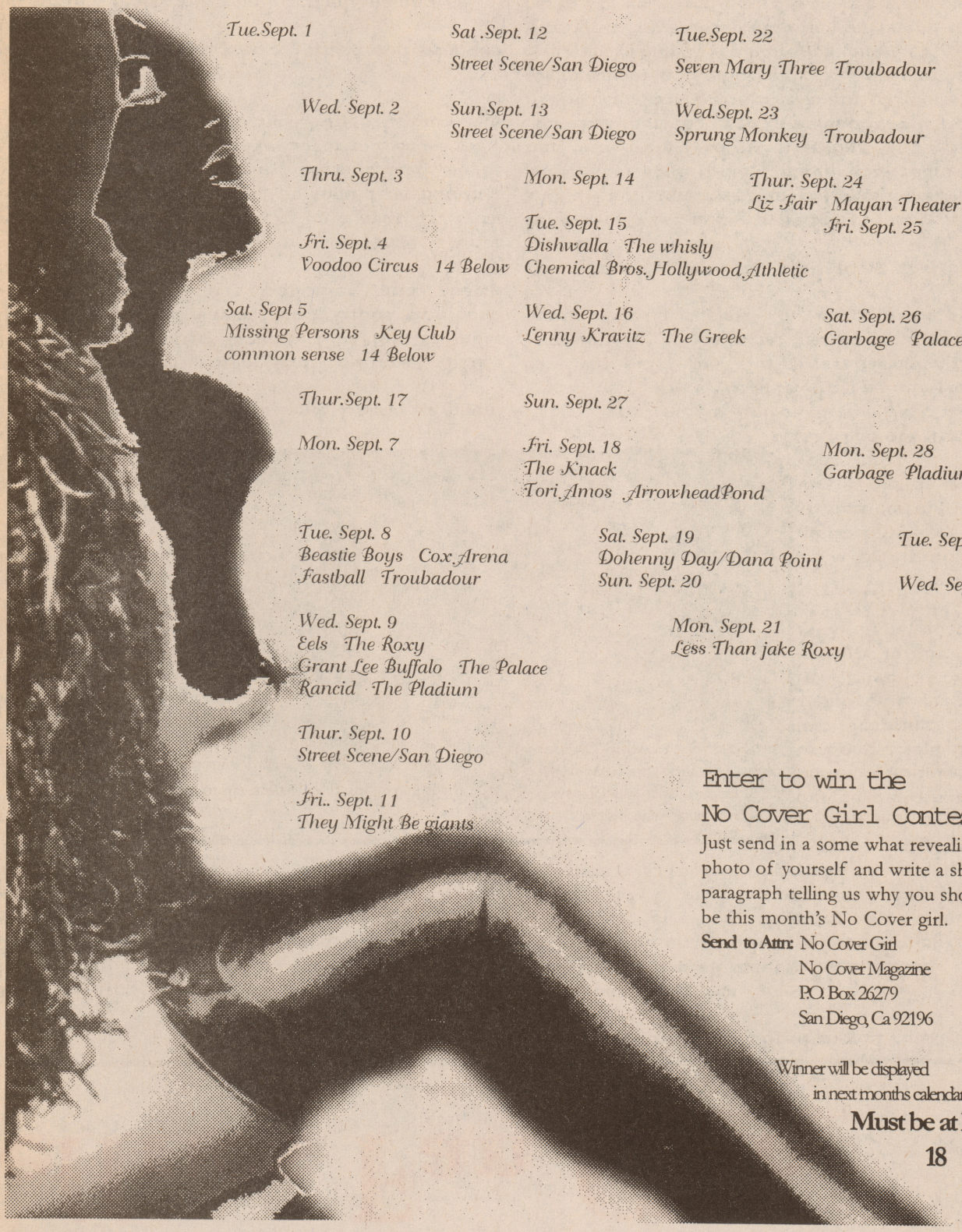

Tue.Sept. 1

Wed. Sept. 2

Thru. Sept. 3

Fri. Sept. 4
Voodoo Circus 14 Below

Sat. Sept 5
Missing Persons Key Club
common sense 14 Below

Mon. Sept. 7

Tue. Sept. 8
Beastie Boys Cox Arena
Fastball Troubadour

Wed. Sept. 9
Eels The Roxy
Grant Lee Buffalo The Palace
Rancid The Pladium

Thur. Sept. 10
Street Scene/San Diego

Fri.. Sept. 11
They Might Be giants

Sat .Sept. 12
Street Scene/San Diego

Sun.Sept. 13
Street Scene/San Diego

Mon. Sept. 14

Tue. Sept. 15
Dishwalla The whisly
Chemical Bros. Hollywood Athletic

Wed. Sept. 16
Lenny Kravitz The Greek

Thur.Sept. 17

Fri. Sept. 18
The Knack
Tori Amos ArrowheadPond

Sat. Sept. 19
Dohenny Day/Dana Point
Sun. Sept. 20

Mon. Sept. 21
Less Than jake Roxy

Tue.Sept. 22
Seven Mary Three Troubadour

Wed.Sept. 23
Sprung Monkey Troubadour

Thur. Sept. 24
Liz Fair Mayan Theater

Fri. Sept. 25

Sat. Sept. 26
Garbage Palace

Sun. Sept. 27

Mon. Sept. 28
Garbage Pladium

Tue. Sept. 29

Wed. Sept. 30

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Jeffries Fan Club

By Jason Wayne

VEGAS RECORDS

You take a healthy dose of ska, add a pinch of punk, sprinkle a touch of reggae and mix it together and you have the happy, good time, feel good music which is Jeffries Fan Club.

In a town filled with third-wave ska bands, Orange County's Jeffries Fan Club stands out from the crowd. The six-member group has only been on the scene since December 1996 but have already achieved an arm full of accomplishments. They have sold more than 9,000 albums and are featured on 14 compilations; they have made Rodney On The Roq's top 20 three times; they are one of the only non-signed bands to headline the Glass House; and have opened for such acts as Blink 182, MXPX, Aquabats, Save Ferris and Cherry Poppin' Daddies.

The group comprises singer/lead guitarist Mike Dzuirgot, rhythm guitarist Sonnie Johnston, trumpet player Chris Rush, bass player Derek Gibbs, trombone player/backup singer Chris Collonier, and Justin Ferreira on drums.

Jeffries Fan Club was recently in an Orange County recording studio recording 4 tracks on a split CD with Slow Gherkin before embarking on their first national tour. After a four-hour recording session, lead singer Mike Dzuirgot sat down with No Cover to discuss their music, their inspirations, and the Orange County ska scene.

No Cover: So off the bat, who's Jeffery and why are you all fans?

Mike Dzuirgot: We were in high school, me and the guitar player [Sonnie Johnston], and we had a friend named Jeff. He did some crazy stuff with his hair, like spiked it up all punk rock. There was this group of girls who had a crush on him, or they liked his hair or something, and so we just started making fun of him. Every time the group of girls saw him we would be, "There goes Jeffries fan club." We wrote a song about it and then it just became our name.

NC: So the band developed so you could tease your friend?

MD: [Laughing] Yea.

NC: So did you all meet in high school?

MD: Not all of us. Me and Sonnie met in high school. Sonnie was at a Guitar Center and ran into somebody in an old Orange County ska band called Lone Raspberry. He said they kicked out their trombone player, so we called him up and he jammed with us. And he got us the other horn player because he [also] used to be in Lone Raspberry. We met our drummer through Eric Zamora-he plays saxophone in Save Ferris-and he brought in our bass player.

NC: What inspired you all to form a band?

MD: When we first started we were a punk band covering a bunch of oldies. We started getting into ska back in the old days-four or five years ago...

NC: The old days being 1994.

MD: There you go. For me it was the old days because I was just a kid. We started as a four-piece ska/punk band without horns. But it was, basically, the old school Orange County ska scene that got us into it, that got us really wanting to play ska. There was a growing scene for it.

NC: How long was the band going at it before playing shows?

MD: We were going at it for probably a year, a year and a half just trying to get members. Maybe even longer than that. I'd say maybe two years from conception until we played our first gig.

NC: And then the group was about to breakup?

MD: Yea. We were because our old horn players went off to school, up at Berkeley, and we were sick of trying out horn players. We were just sick of it. We had gone through two years already of just trying to keep members. So we weren't sure what we were going to do.

NC: So what kept you from disbanding?

MD: The horn players were leaving and wanted to have a demo, just to remember the band by. So we went into a cheap little studio-we've never been in a studio before-and just rushed through it and recorded five songs. We weren't planning on selling it or anything, it was just a keepsake. Sonnie somehow managed to give it to Brian Mashburn, from Save Ferris, and he played it for Jon Halperin [CEO of Vegas Records] who was doing a Ska

vs. Punk CD and he put us on the comp. Nobody knew who we were, but they put us on the comp anyway. Then he started getting us shows. We got Chris Collonier to fill in with us and he stayed. The band decided to stick together. Derek Gibbs came in when we were recording our first EP and he managed to stick with us.

NC: Your first album, "Feeling Sorry...For All the Hearts We've Broken," was more of a novelty album than your second, "Nothing to Prove." Do you feel you are growing as artists?

MD: Of course. There has been a natural progression; we are more professional. When we started out it was a joke. I write all the lyrics and a lot of the music and we are definitely getting better, but that just comes with the territory. You learn how to write better and better songs and how to do better in the studio.

NC: Let's get back to the Orange County ska scene. How come so many ska bands come out of OC?

MD: OC has cultivated a lot of good bands, that's what it is. Ska is big in a lot of other cities.

NC: With so many successful OC ska bands-No Doubt, Real Big Fish, Save Ferris-how do you break away to form your own sound?

MD: On our first album, every song sounded the same. It had the same formula: Ska, punk, pop, and a little bit of reggae. We are developing a little more on each of those styles. Our punk is getting a little bit more punk, our rock is getting more rock, the ska that we do have is actually more ska. So instead of making every song the same formula that makes up the bulk of third wave ska, we are paying more attention on each individual style and trying to grow on that.

NC: Critics say that ska is like grunge, it is a flash in the pan and will soon die out. Do you see ska dying out?

MD: I think a lot of people want to see it die out, like the people who are older and don't understand it. But as far as the younger kids go, it's not really, at least not as our shows go. Our shows are growing and growing. I also don't see it being played a lot on the radio which can kill a style of music. You hear a lot of different stuff on the radio. You'll hear a ska song on occasion and then you'll hear a punk song from Blink 182, then you'll hear a reggae-style song from Sublime. There's a lot of variety on the radio and they are not overkilling it.

NC: Now you all have other jobs, how do you find time to work and keep up with the band?

MD: It's very hard. I now know first hand what it means to be a starving musician, whereas I didn't before. I know exactly what it's like to struggle-paying bills, paying for my car, work, and playing shows. It's very, very hard. It's not for someone who doesn't have a strong will or a love for playing music. Each of us do and that's how it's easier for us to adapt to it.

NC: For a nonsigned band you have achieved a good deal of success. How did it feel to be the first nonsigned band to headline the Glass House?

MD: That's flattering. That's an honor. Plus the fact that 700 kids showed up. We never played the Glass House before. We were really scared going into that show and then we were flattered. We were like, "Oh my gosh, this is awesome!" It's one of the greatest feelings. Money can't buy that feeling. I'm not trying to get all spiritual.

NC: It's the ultimate high.

MD: Yea, exactly. It really is. It's a great feeling. If we could just get followings like that in a lot of other cities across the country, then we would really be stoked.

NC: How important is commercial success?

MD: The way that I look at it is if we could be able to quit our jobs, pay our bills, and tour nonstop, keep writing songs, recording albums and selling them, to me that's an ultimate dream. And I know you can do that without having huge radio.

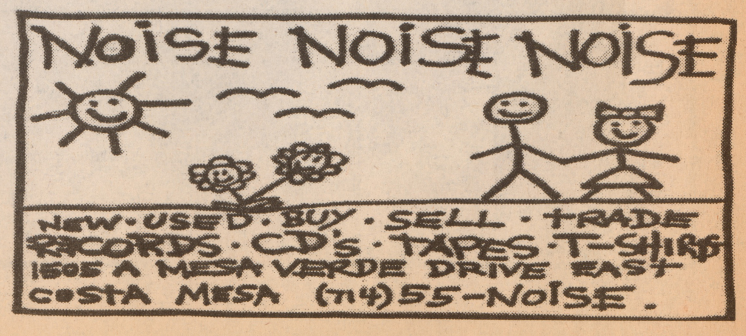
NC: So you're not in it for the fame?

MD: No, that's not even it. There's so much more. The fame brings money and money lets you pay your bills, but nothing can compare to the feeling of getting on our Web site [jeffriesfanclub.simplenet.com] and seeing how much kids in Oklahoma or New York love our music. The feeling of having a song in your head, writing it, recording it, and having a kid all the way across the country or on the other side of the world say they love that song. That's the best feeling in the world.

NC: What's next for Jeffries Fan Club?

MD: We are going to go on tour and sell as many records as we can of our new CD. We are just going to keep writing songs-we already got halfway through our next album. So we are just going to keep doing what we are doing and having fun.

Jeffries Fan Club will be appearing at The Barn in Riverside on September 8 with Wank, My Super Hero, and Slow Gerkin.



CLUB EMPIRE

The Galaxy Thearter, Santa Ana

Reviewed by Michelle Schoenfelder

Every Thursday night at the Galaxy (not too far, far away), CLUB EMPIRE STRIKES ORANGE COUNTY!! Those bad boys who launched CLUB RUBBER (the infamous John Huntington included) have yet ignited another Thursday night sensation, CLUB EMPIRE, hosted at THE GALAXY THEATER in Santa Ana. Curious to find out what was so "hot" about this certain club, I embarked on a I'll see for myself journey.

My First Discovery: "SHOW ME YOUR GOODS."
The perfect scene for twenty-something pimpin' players (yes boys and girls), to sport their pimped up "I'm the bomb" attitudes and all-for-show attire. Puh-leez. The lastest fashion of MTV trend, underground club wear, and flashy imitation rockstar threads, laminated the superficial breed of chiseled bods and thin waifers. Ah, the upper middleclass beans have sprouted from the rich Orange County soil. So guys and gals, dress to impress. But boys- please spare the sequin shirts.

My Next discovery: "Cleavage = Leverage"
Ladies your in much luck if God blessed you with, or the surgeon charged you for, a bosom of well endowment. No more hour long waits in line for those dressed scantily clad, enhancing bodily features that drop jaws and pitch the tents of the male onlookers. NOTE TO SELF: Next time wear new wonderbra.

The final Discovery: "First time = Last time"
The actual club itself has a cool set up. The Galaxy Theater is a spacious venue, which leaves plenty room for roaming. There are two full bars (where you'll wait forever to order a drink), a room to pimp, sweat, and dance to a live DJ, and the large dome-like concert area for live bands to rip and roar.

The club is themed and decorated with ancient Roman novelty. The hightlight of the evening was the couple dressed up as the Roman warrior-meets-dead head gypsy ensemble. This is definitely a place to party like a rockstar, so don't expect to meet any intriguing individuals or engage in "deep" conversation. This club is loud, chaotic, and full of half-naked superficial party people. But eh, what's so bad about that?

CLUB SMOOTH

huntington beach

By Ben Yater

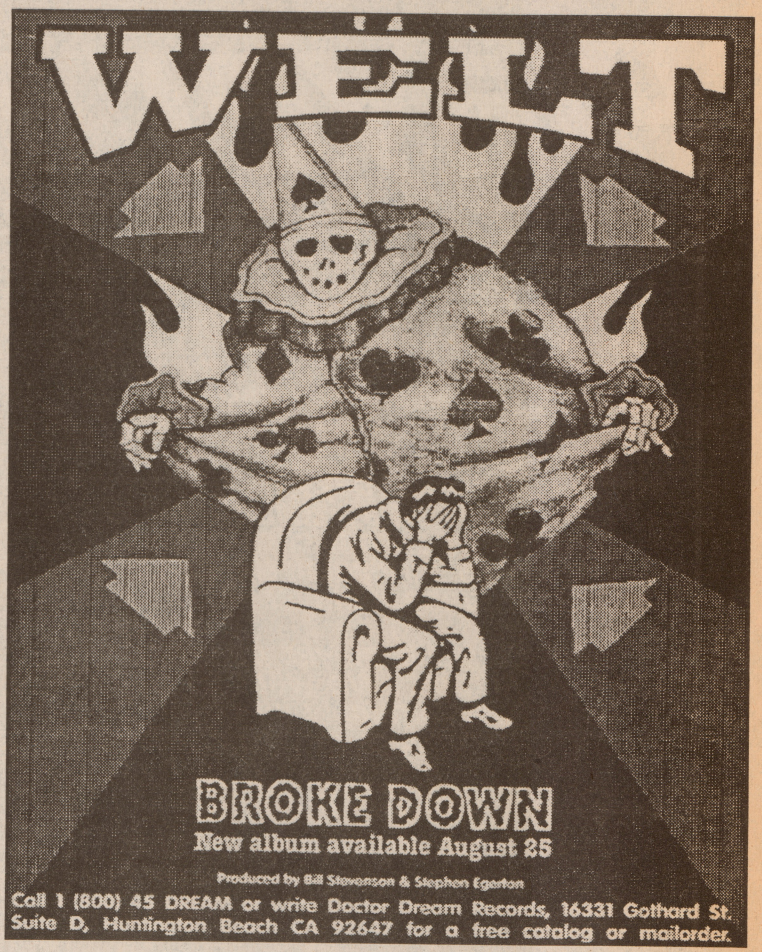
It's Tuesday night and Main St. HB is hoppin' with nightlife. It is, of course, still HB, so the nightlife has that strange sort of vibe to it. Is it just the salfwater in the air or is it the convergence of 15 year old rich boy punks standing side by side with Biff and Muffy type couples. Then of course there's the combination of a roaming gestappo-esque police force with what seems to be an entirely (bleached) blonde and blue eyed population that envisions some strange parallel-universe equivalent of Berlin circa 1938.

Luckilly for me, my gene pool can fit in inconspicuously enough to feel free to roam the streets alone tonight, even if some of those 15 year old punks are actually bigger than I. My destination is Club Smooth, which goes off at the Studio Cafe, upstairs right at the corner of PCH and Main. Admission is free before 10:30, but you'd have to get there around 9 to take advantage of that. I arrive at 10:15 but the slow moving line doesn't allow me in until 10:45, forcing me to hawk up seven big ones.

Pleasant surprise for me that I see a couple guys I know in line-we catch up on old tiems and they rescue me from muddling around the club all night by myself. Well drinks are $2 until 11pm, so I quickly score a gin and tonic to prepare myself to handle the onslaught of non-stop pumping hip-hop with a little funk and house thrown in on the sides by DJs Danny Love and Eric Cubiche. This is definitely the 'in' place to be on Tuesdays- the place is packed. I mingle though the hoardes of blonde girls in little black dresses to relax on the beautiful outdoor smoking patio which has a great view of the ocean and city streets.

Back at the bar, a shot of 100 proof Pepp. Schnapps sends me through the roof and soon enough I'm boogin' on down on the dance floor, which felt
like a giant pagan revelry in praise of the almighty god Black Fly. The second dance floor opens up around 11:30 where it's a bit more funky than hip-hop. I dance around there for awhile, and finally seem drunk enough to put aside all cynicism and dive into the surf-fashion orgy head-on, when suddenly the lights go up and the club closes at a mere 1:30am. This of course forces me to sit in my car for a half hour before feeling safe enough to make the short drive home. Sadly, I'd be surprised if everyone else was as safe as I. There is a reason other citites keep clubs open until 3 or 4am. Hopefully HB city council can wise-up, but that'd be a first for them.

Club smooth - Tuesdays studio Cafe 300 PCH Downtown Huntington Beach.
Upstairs Free before 10:30pm with flyer. 7 dollars afterwards.



Player is

Player does

As times unforgiving hand slowly peels away my youthful veneer I've learned that I sometimes can't rely on my good looks to wrangle a desirable devotchka. I'm still grasping tightly to my roaring 20's, but 30 is just a whisper away (actually 291 days, 13 hours, 14 minutes, but who's counting?). Adapting to the incessant click of the clock is the key to survival in the quick paced game of being a player.

We all want to be a player whether you think so or not. We want to be able to lure that seemingly intangible sexual counterpart into our love

lair. We like to bypass lines at clubs and get VIP treatment. We want free drinks at the bar, yet we would like to tip like tycoons. We wish that everything we say is witty, intelligent and sharp, yet smooth. YOU want people to like you. And you want to fuck like a porn star.

A woman's inhibitions may be much more apparent than a man's, but they, too, desire the aforementioned. I love a woman who's a player. Some may misunderstand her behavior and incorrectly label her a slut or whore. There's a difference between a woman who's sexual prowess is as wild and unpredictable as a Tijuana skyrocket. It's easy for a woman

to get sex when she wants it. But it takes a player to unleash her own libido, enticing a man with intellect and then disposing a man like a cigarette butt with or without screwing his brains out.

For a man, a player doesn't mean having the appearance or persona of a dashing rogue or having the unmatched lifestyle and suaveness of Hefner. For him, it requires attentiveness, patience and many sunsets. He has to learn how to read a woman. And a woman's mind is much more complex than a man's. It's a perplexing labyrinth that takes time to successfully solve.
I can't tell you how to be a player, but I can tell you what being one is and is not.

A player is smart. A player knows who Botticelli, Tolstoy, and Nietzsche are. A player knows when to cue Vivaldi's Bolero and when Portishead might be more effective when pursuing some skin. A player is not malicious or ill-tempered. A player doesn't prey on another one's weakness, but can easily detect it.
A player is rare.

Thrive,
Mondo Infamoso

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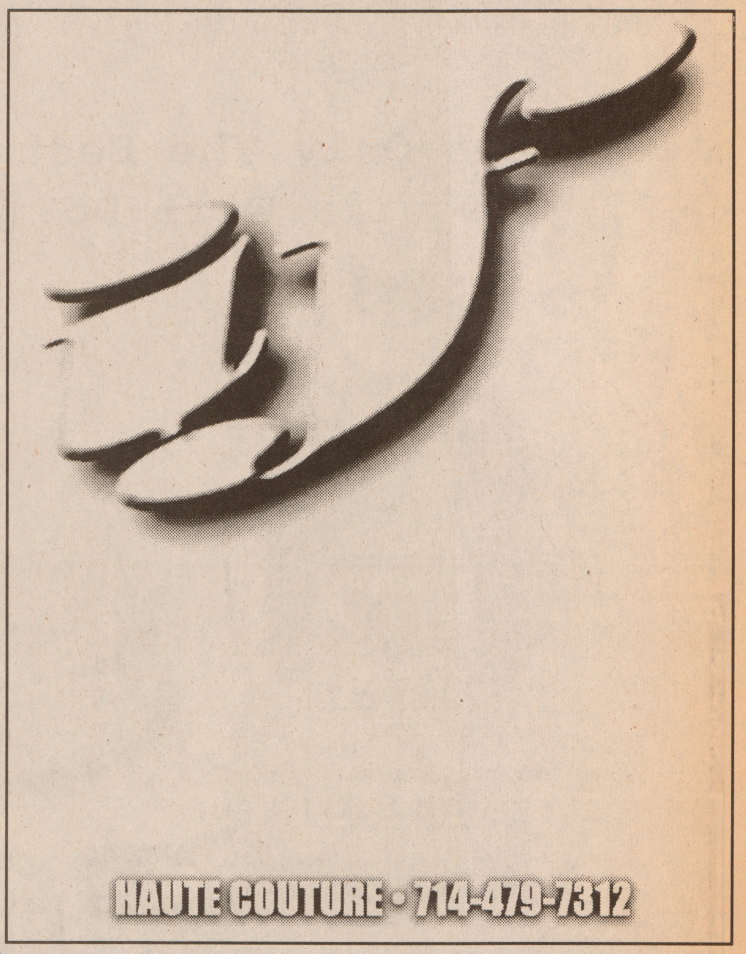

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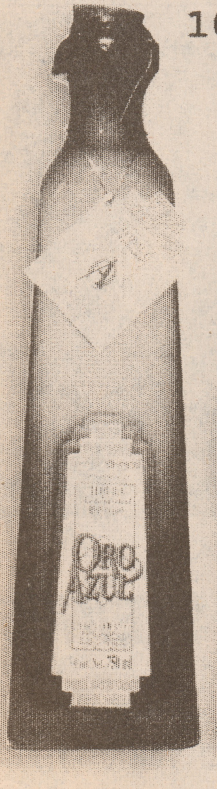

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NO COVER MAGAZINE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA'S CLUB LISTINGS

LOS ANGELES/Club Name

Aftershock (Nightclub): 11345 Ventura Blvd., Studio City, 818.752.9833
Al's Bar (Live Music): 305 S. Hewitt St., LA, 213.625.9703
Anti-Club (Live Music): 4658 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, 213.667.9762
Arena (Nightclub): 6655 Santa Monica, Hollywood, 213.462.0714
Ash Groove (Live Music): 250 Santa Monica Pier, Santa Monica, 310.656.8500
Atlas Bar and Grill (Live Music): 3760 Wilshire Blvd., LA 213.380.8400
Atmosphere (Nightclub): 8531 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, 213.462.0714
Axis (Nightclub): 652 N. La Peer Dr., W. Hollywood 310.659.0472
B.B. King's (Blues): 1000 Universal Center Dr. Universal City, 818.6.BBKING
The Baked Potato (Jazz): 26 E. Colorado Blvd., Pasadena 818.564.1122
Bar Deluxe (Live Music): 1710 N. Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood 213.469.1991
Blue Café (Blues): 210 The Promenade, Long Beach, 310.983.7111
Café Boogaloo (Blues): 1238 Hermosa Ave., Hermosa Beach, 310.318.2324
Cat & Fiddle pub Restaurant: 6530 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, 213.468.3800
Catalina Bar & Grill (Jazz): 1640 N. Cahuenga Blvd., Hollywood, 213.466.2210
Catch One (Nightclub): 4067 w. Pico blvd. Los Angeles, 213.734.8849.
Century Club (Nightclub): Century City, 310.553.6000
Circus (Nightclub): 6655 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, 213.462.1291
The Clipper (Live Music): 3305 Anaheim St. Long Beach, 562.597.0014
Club Lingerie (Nightclub): 6507 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, 213.891.2775
Crush Bar (Live Music): 1743 N. Cahuenga Blvd., Hollywood, 213.461.9017
The Derby (Swing Music): 4500 Los Feliz Blvd., Los Feliz, 213.663.8979
Fais Do-Do (Live Music): 5257 W. Adams Blvd., Los Angeles, 213.954-8080
Fold (Live Music): 2906 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, 213.666.2407
The Foothill Club (Live Music): 1922 Cherry Ave., Signal Hill, 310.494.5196
The Forge (Nightclub): 617 S. brand blvd., Glendale 818.246.1717
14 Below (Live Music): 1348 14th St. Santa Monica, 310.451.5040
Galaxa Studios (Live Music): 3707 Sunset Blvd., Silver Lake, 213.663.5295
The Garage (Live Music): 4519 Santa Monica Blvd., Silver Lake, 213.683.3447
The Gate (Nightclub): 643 n. La Cienga Blvd., W. Hollywood 310.289.8808
Genghis Cohen Cantina: 740 N. Fairfax Ave. W. Hollywood, 213.653.0640
The Gig (Live Music): 11637 W. Pico Blvd., W. Los Angeles, 310.444.9870
Goldfingers (Live Music): 6423 Yucca St., Hollywood, 213.962.2913
Harvelle's (Blues) 1432 Fourth St., Santa Monica, 310.395.1676
High Society /Club Lingerie, 6507 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, 213.891-2775
Hollywood Athletic Club (Live Music): 6525 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, 213.962.6600
Hollywood Moguls (Live Music): 1650 N. Schrader Blvd., Hollywood 213.465.7449
House of Blues (Live Music): 8430 Sunset Blvd., W. Hollywood, 213.650.1451
Impala Café (Live Music): 418 E. First St., Downtown LA, 213.621.2170
Jacks Sugar Shack (Live Music): 1707 Vine St., Hollywood, 213.466.7005
JKlub Banshee (Nightclub): 8512 Santa Monica., W. Hollywood, 310.288.1601
Largo (Live Music): 432 N. Fairfax Ave. W. Hollywood, 213.852.1073
Lighthouse café (Live Music): 30 Pier Ave., Hermosa Beach, 310.372.6911
Love Lounge (Nightclub): 657 N. Robertson, W. Hollywood, 310.659.0472
Lumpy Gravy (Live Music): 7311 Beverly Blvd., Hollywood, 213.934.9400
LunaPark (Live Music) 665 N. Robertson Blvd., W. Hollywood, 310.652.0611
Martini Lounge (Live Music): 5657 Melrose Ave. Hollywood, 213.467.4068
M Bar/Grill (Jazz): 213-Pine Ave., Long Beach, 310.435.2525
McCabes (Live Music): 3101 Pico Blvd., Santa Monica 310.828.4403
The Mint (Live Music) 6010 Pico Blvd., W. Hollywood, 213.954.9630
Molly Malones Pub (Live Music): 575 S. Fairfax Ave., W. Hollywood, 213.935.2707
The Move (Nightclub): At the Room, 1624 Cahuenga Blvd., N. Hollywood 213.694.1831
Opium Den (Live Music): 1605 N. Ivar Ave., Hollywood 213.466.7800
Orsinis (Nightclub): 9575 W.Pico, Beverly Hills 310.277.6050
The Palace (Live Music): 1735 N. Vine St. Hollywood 213.462.3000
The Pink (Nightclub): 2810 Main St., Santa Monica, 310.392.1077
The Rock (Live Music): 7230 Topanga Canyon Blvd., Canoga Park, 818.347.7668
Roxy (Live Music): 9009 Sunset Blvd., W. Hollywood, 310.276.2222
Ruby (Nightclub); 7070 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, 213.467.7070
Rusty's Surf Ranch (Live Music): 256 Santa Monica Pier, Santa Monica, 310.393.7386
St. Mark's (Live Music): Beachside, 23 Windward Ave., Venice.310.452.2222
7969 (Nightclub): 7969 Santa Monica Blvd., W. Hollywood 213.654.0280
Shtick Lounge (Nightclub): 8911 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, 310.659.6434
Spaceland (Live Music): 1717 Silverlake Blvd., Silverlake, 213.413.4442
Smokin Johnnies (Blues): 11720 Ventura Blvd.,
Studio City, 818.760.6631
(D W) Troubadour (Live Music): 9081 Santa Monica Blvd., W. Hollywood
310.276.6168
212 Soul (Nightclub); At Casablanca, 1652 N. Cherokee, LA 213.993.7216
The Viper Room (Live Music): 8852 Sunset Blvd., W. Hollywood, 310.358.1881
The West End (Nightclub): 1301 Fifth St., Santa Monica, 213.656.3905
Whisky A Go Go (Live Music): 8901 Sunset Blvd., W. Hollywood

OC/San Diego/Club Name

4th and B: 345 B Street., San Diego, 619.231.4343
Baja Brewing Company: 203 5th Ave., Downtown, 619.231.9279
Barefoot Bar & Grill: 1404 W. Vacation Rd., Mission Bay, 619.274.4630
Beans: 8935 Town Center Dr., La Jolla, 619.453..9252
Belly Up: 143 South Cedros Avenue, Solano Beach, 619.
Billard Palace: 379 4th Avenue, San Diego, 619.230.1968
Blind Melons: 710 Garnet Avenue, Pacific Beach, 619.483.7844
Brick by Brick: 1130 Buenos Avenue, San Diego, 619.275.LIVE
Buffalo Joe's: 600 5th Avenue, San Diego, 619.236.1616
'Canes: 3105 Ocean Front Walk, Mission Beach, 619.488.1780
Cannibal Bar: 3999 Mission Blvd., Mission Beach, 619.539.8651
Club 66: 501 5ht Avenue, Downtown, 619.234.4166
Club Max: 7450 Hazard Center Dr. Mission Valley, 619.297.5466
Coyote Bar: 300 Carlsbad Village Dr., Carlsbad. 619.729.4695
Dick's Last Resort: 345 4th Avenue, Downtown, 619.231.9100
Emerald City: 945 Garnet Avenue., Pacific Beach, 619.483.9920
G Lounge: 2228 Bacon St., Ocean Beach, 619.222.8131
Hennessey's Tavern: 4650 Mission Blvd., Pacific Beach, 619.483.8847
Island Saloon: 104 Orange Avenue, Coronado, 619.435.3456
Juke Joint Café: 327 Fourth Avenue, Downtown, 619.232.SOUL
Kaminski Park: 1237S Poway Rd., Poway, 619.748.7296
Karl Strauss Brewery: 9675 Scranton Rd., Sorrento Mesa, 619.587.2739
Kensington Club: 4079 Adams Avenue, San Diego, 619.284.2848
Moondoggies: 832 Garnet Avenue, Pacific beach, 619.483.6550
Lahaina Beach House: 710 Oliver Avenue, Pacific Beach House,
619.270.3888
P.B. Pub: 4471 Gresham St., Pacific Beach, 619.274.9090
Pourhouse: 528 F St., Downtown, 619.232.POUR
Rocket Club: 810 Arnele St., San Diego, 619.447.7247
Schooners: 959 Hornblend, Pacific Beach, 619.272.2780
SOMA Live: 5305 Metro St., Bay Park, 619.239-SOMA
The Arena Club: 3500 Sports Arena Blvd., San Diego, 619.523.6263
The Casbah: 2501 Kettner Blvd., Downtown, 619.232.4355
The Dog: 4479 Everts St., Pacific Beach, 619.581.0149
The Grape: 823 5th Avenue, San Diego, 619.238.8010
Tsunami: 802 6th Avenue, San Diego, 619.231.wave

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